Wm Bronscombe 23.02.03

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'OH, SIR,' CRIED MARTHA, 'YOU DON'T THINK I'VE TAKEN IT.'

Would You Have Done it Yourself, Sir?

(Florence E. Burch, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

A cheque was missing in Mr. Rothwell's office.

Not often this good gentleman gave such a thing a chance to happen—as indeed no one ought to; for it is a sadly culpable thing to leave a stumbling-block in other people's way.

But Mr. Rothwell's carefulness in the matter was not so much the result of conscientiousness as of suspicion and mistrust. Where many a man would have said 'Not right to subject any one to temptation,' he said 'Show me an honest man!' And accordingly he never turned his back on his office for ever so short a time without pocketing his keys. But this time his habit of caution had been over-reached. Something had occurred to put him about, and he had gone out in rather a hurry. His keys he had taken with him; but the desk he had omitted to lock.

Mr. Rothwell was in a terrible wax.

That he should have done such a thing was annoying enough. But when a man makes a boast to himself that he never puts himself at the mercy of other people's honesty, it is both humiliating and startling to find that for once his boast is vain. But to find, furthermore, that this bit of chance carelessness should have been seized upon by the fingers of dishonesty!

Mr. Rothwell was fairly in a rage with himself and fate, and—the delinquent.

One thing was certain! His desk had been watched; else why should this have happened on the very first possible occasion? The theft lay between his caretaker and his clerk. Yet no! The clerk was having a half-day off, and had gone out before Mr. Rothwell. Clearly the caretaker was accountable. She was always on the spot, and the door of the room in which his clerk worked, was always closed; of course, he no sooner left the office than she made a point of coming in to have a look round!

'She shall have a chance of looking round now!' said Mr. Rothwell to himself, with grim humor. Whereupon he pressed the electric button with such furious persistency that Martha Wills, who was just taking her dinner, rushed upstairs with the oven-cloth in her hand, fearing an apoplectic seizure or something of that kind

'Has any one been up during my absence, Mrs. Wills?' asked he.

'No, sir; nobody,' replied the unsuspecting caretaker.

'Not Mr. Gray?'—naming the clerk.

'No, sir; he left before you did.'

'You are sure?'

'Quite sure, sir,' reiterated Martha, little thinking that she was certifying to her own condemnation.

Any one with eyes to see, could have read her innocence in her face and in her ready answer. Mr. Rothwell only read the confirmation of his own conviction that she was the thief.

'Perhaps, since you are so certain of all that has happened in my absence,' said he, fixing a hard look on her, 'you can inform me what has become of a cheque which I miss.'

'A cheque, sir?'

'A cheque!' repeated Mr. Rothwell irritably. 'Don't make a pretence of innocence.'

Martha looked puzzled. Then suddenly the truth dawned on her. 'Oh, sir,' cried she, her eyes filling at the bare thought, 'you don't think I've taken it? You can't think that?'

'I can think anything that comes into my head,' returned Mr. Rothwell grimly. 'And it comes into my head just now, that since you are so absolutely certain nobody has been here in my absence, and since I miss the cheque the whole thing lies with you.'

'But, sir,' said Martha, the hot color rushing to her face, then leaving it ashy white, 'you can't think I've done it? God in heaven knows I haven't.'

'Better leave the Almighty out of it,' observed Mr. Rothwell.

'But, sir, do believe me,' begged Martha, ready to burst into tears.

'And on what grounds, pray?' asked Mr. Rothwell. 'Appearances are against you, you must own.'

'But I'd scorn to do such a thing,' pleaded Martha. 'Put yourself in my place, sir. Would you have done it yourself?'

'Oh, come; that's a little too strong!' said Mr. Rothwell; 'in my own office, too. Well, I warn you, you'd better think it over, and return the cheque before I take measures, that's all.' And he returned to his papers.

'A pretty idea!' he said to himself, as he wrote.

But Martha's words would keep sounding in his ears.

Long after he had left the office, and Martha's husband had come home to tea and heard the news, that question kept repeating itself:—'Would you have done it yourself, sir?'

And somehow, all unbidden, there kept coming up numberless things about which Martha, had she known of them, might well have flung back his scoffing taunt: 'Better leave the Almighty out of it!'

Ah! that had been the mistake of Mr. Rothwell's life. He had left the Almighty out of the whole of it. He had been one of those of whom the Psalmist said:—'God is not in all their ways.' And now these things stood up in array against the man.

Perhaps in her place he might have done it! for she had an invalid mother at home to keep.

Perhaps in his clerk's place he might have done it, for he had begged this half day to bury his wife's father—an old wretch who had drunk himself imbecile, and been no end of a drag on the young couple with their growing family.

Mr. Rothwell pulled himself together angrily more than once.

What had all this to do with the lost cheque?

The question was who had taken it?—not what he might have done with a long string of 'ifs?'

As to the past! well, let that go! A very convenient way with an inconvenient past, except for this one thing, that the past holds us; and that there is but one way of letting it go—that is by 'dying unto sin' and becoming 'alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

But now a curious thing happened. Chancing to draw a bundle of papers from his breast pocket, Mr. Rothwell suddenly came upon the missing cheque.

'So she gauged her honesty by mine to good purpose for once,' said he to himself. But oh! how the words burnt into his conscience; for in that near future which would so soon pass into present, and so go on to join the past he talked of 'letting go,' he was meditating an act which would put Martha's integrity far above his own.

'Would you have done it yourself, sir?'

Well for us if we listen to the voices that come to us in this way; for God 'who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past by the prophets,' has not left off speaking to us in this nineteenth century; and the voice of conscience is from him.

Open the Door

(The Rev. Dillon Bronson.)

Some years ago, in one of our western colleges, where the teachers are truly consecrated men and have always given largely from their meagre salaries that Christian education might flourish, an intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association convention was held.

The delegates were wide-awake fellows, who spoke more of life than of death, and the brief, manly prayers made a great impression on one careless student in the senior class who called himself an agnostic, when he should have used the Latin equivalent, ignoramus.

Having never seen many full blooded young men, with good digestion and no tendency to biliousness, engaged in active Christian work, this callow skeptic was soon interested and could not remain away from the meetings. The culminating service was on Sunday afternoon. About 200 young men gathered in the old college chapel, and the leader of the meeting spoke with deep, quiet earnestness from the parable of the good Samaritan. After a graphic setting forth of the story he said in conclusion: 'Now, fellows, let us carry this parable a little farther. Suppose that the poor wretch who was robbed has recovered, and has returned to his happy home in the great city. He sits one day in his beautiful parlor, and looking out of the window, sees a stranger slowly coming through the gate. "Ah!" he says, "that is the Samaritan; the man who saved my life; the man to whom I owe more than to any other living creature. He comes to see me; perhaps to rest and sup here. But I will not receive him. I will bolt my doors and close my shutters, and will not let him in," and after repeated knocking and long waiting, the disappointed Samaritan goes away.

'Now, fellows,' said the leader, 'could you imagine a meaner thing than that? Yes, I did a meaner, a more unmanly thing than that. When wounded in the road of life, left half dead, and despised by all from whom I might have expected aid, the Lord Christ left his heavenly home, laid his life alongside of mine, and even gave his soul a sinless offering that he might save me. And then, after all that, when he came to the door of my heart and begged admittance, I closed the door and kept him out, and would not say yes to my loving Saviour. Is there a fellow in all this company who has been treating his best friend so, and will now slip back the rusty bolts and say to Jesus Christ, "Come in?"'

Instantly the skeptical senior, who now writes these lines, rose to his feet and started for the front seat. Nearly eighty young men followed in fifteen minutes. Dear 'Prexy,' as we called him, cried for joy, and that day became memorable in the history of the grand old college. Are there not hundreds of young men who would open the door of their life to the penniless Prince of Palestine if an appeal were made to their manhood, their sense of honor and hospitality? God help them to realize that the manliest, the noblest, the fairest thing to do is to admit him who stands at the door and knocks. Surely it is not manly or honorable to reject Jesus Christ.

Begin the Day with God.

(J. Hudson Taylor, M.D., D.D.)

See that day by day you begin with God, and, beginning with God, he will enable you to go through the day with the sweet knowledge of God. There is nothing so helpful. I am naturally very nervous. I remember very well when I went in for my final examination as a medical man. I was pretty well up in my subjects, for I had done honest work; but when I got the paper and read over the questions, my mind simply began to swim, and everything became black. I didn't know where to begin; I didn't feel I could write anything on any of the topics before me. What did I do? I just went to God in prayer, and after a few minutes of prayer, my mind was calm; I sat down and wrote, and, thank God, my examination was well and safely passed. There is nothing which helps the mind to be more clear, nothing helps in anything one has to do, more than communion with God. And if there is anything that God will not help one to do, keep clear of that. That which communion with God will not help is not a help to us in our preparation for missionary work.

Mail Bag.

Debert Station, N.S., Jan. 11, 1903.

Gentlemen,—I received my Bible and am very pleased with it. I did not have very much trouble getting the subscribers for the 'Messenger.' Every one that has seen the Bible says it is a very nice one for such a little work. P. GRAHAM.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Drone in the Hive.

(Helena H. Thomas, in 'American Messenger.')

'I admit that I expected great things from him and that he has sorely disappointed me; but, my young brother, I have been such a disappointment to myself, from youth to old age, that I can make more allowance for others.'

'Well, if you have been a disappointment to yourself, you have not to your friends,' was the laughing rejoinder, 'and I am still in the dark as to the why of your ready excuses for one who, like Harold White, seems willing to bury his ten talents out of sight, and be a nobody in Christian service.'

'Because I have loved him from his babyhood,' said Dr. Roberts, running his fingers through the time-silvered hair, 'and, besides, it is easy to have charity for those we pray for. If you have not realized that to be the case, I would earnestly ask you to unite with me in praying that Harold may, in some way, be led to a realization of the fact that he will be held responsible for his many gifts. Will you?'

'Yes, indeed!' was the hearty response, 'and we will note the result. Your sweet spirit is a constant rebuke to one of my impulsive, outspoken nature, and I humbly ask your pardon for such severe criticisms of your young friend. But you know he had just returned from college when I came into the church, and he seemed so much superior to most young people, that I congratulated myself on having such a helper; but I have not been able to count upon him in any direction. He only attends church now by fits and starts. But you need not shake your head, my venerable brother, for not another word will I say against the one we will unitedly pray for.'

And then the one who was still called 'the new pastor,' because Dr. Roberts, who had been forced to resign his charge on account of advancing years, still lived where he had for over a quarter of a century bowed himself out of the presence of the one who was a constant inspiration to him.

The following Sunday was so stormy that the aged minister could not venture out, and he was not surprised that none of his former parishioners had looked in upon him. Still, as he sat alone in the gloaming, with only a housekeeper with whom he could exchange a word, he was lonely and heart-hungry, and gladly welcomed the 'ting-a-ling' herald of some one to break the monotony.

'It was exceedingly kind of you to take pity on your old pastor, Harold,' was the warm greeting of the man who grasped the hand of a perfect specimen of strong manhood, on the sunny side of thirty. 'Now tell me what your pastor preached about this morning, and everything of interest, for it still seems to me as if I were shepherd of that flock, and only laid aside for a little while.'

'There, I was afraid that you would corner me into admitting that I did not attend church to-day,' rejoined the one who, meanwhile, had removed his storm-coat, and seated himself opposite his genial host with an air of a come-to-stay caller, 'but, nevertheless, I determined to risk your censure, for—for I feel the need of your counsel.'

The last was uttered in so low a tone that it did not catch the time-dulled ear of the one who was reminded by the first admission of the new pastor's disappointment, in the handsome, as well as gifted, young man before him, and of the united prayers that were daily offered for him. But years had strengthened the natural tact of this man of God, and so he gave no hint of his growing laxity in church duties, but silently prayed that even while the wind whistled around the chimney, wisdom might be given him to so speak as to arouse the seemingly indifferent youth before him. He half forgot the prayers which had been previously offered for this young brother, and so was surprised—like many another when prayers are unexpectedly answered—when Harold opened the subject lying so near his heart, by saying abruptly:

'I have been in the depths to-day, so I did not feel like seeing anyone but you, my dear old pastor.'

'Why, Harold White! you quite take my breath away. You are the last person I would suspect of having even a touch of the blues. You are surely jesting.'

'I wish I were,' said Harold, with a rueful smile, 'but I would be slow to confess it to anyone else, except my far-away mother. I imagine people do not give me credit for having a serious thought, but I pity anyone who thinks more seriously than I have to-day.'

'A most encouraging outlook, surely, my boy,' was the hearty comment, 'for so long as one is thoughtless there is little room for improvement. But do you mind telling me why you are especially depressed to-day?'

'No, indeed, for I came here for that very purpose. It came about in this way. I had planned to go to church, as I had failed to secure an interesting book for the day, and feared that time would hang heavy on my hands—how heavy could not have been conceived of then—and as I was making preparations, I threw open some blinds for more light, which brought to view a great elm, under whose branches I have spent many a Sunday with my books. But as I looked at the tree, which, snow-covered, gives no sign of life, it seemed to be a type of the fruitless life I am now leading. I could not rid myself of the idea, nor have I since been able to shake off the impression it made upon me.'

'Don't try to, Harold, I beg of you!' exclaimed the eager listener, 'for I am sure it was sent to you in direct answer to united prayer. For, my dear young friend, I am not the only one who has mourned over your apparent lack of spiritual life, and many a plea has winged itself to the throne of grace that you might weary of the life so fruitless of good works; weary of the worldly husks upon which you have been feeding since you came home from college. You know you cannot serve two masters, Harold.'

'I am finding it out, to my sorrow,' said the young man, who now looked very unlike the one who, because of his ready wit and brilliant conversational powers, was a favorite in society; 'but tell me frankly, my old friend, if you can, why my life seems so like the leafless trees. Now do not hesitate,' continued he, pleadingly, 'for nothing which could slip from your lips would wound me.'

'Well, I was about to say, my boy—for in spite of your years, you will always seem like a boy to me—that it is because you have not given God a chance.'

'Not given God a chance!' repeated Harold, in a tone of surprise, 'why, as you know, I have always led a clean life.'

'Yes, yes, I admit that,' was the hearty rejoinder; 'still, if you will carefully study the later years of your life, you will not, I am sure, take any exceptions to the statement I just made.'

Here the tactful old minister took up his constant companion, the Book of Books, and opening it readily, turned to the following passage, which he read aloud: 'And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.' And then said:

'Jesus was willing to perform mighty works in Capernaum, but he was hindered because the people did not give him a chance. He could not enrich their lives, because they were not ready to claim him as their King. It is just so in our day, Harold. If you want God to make the most of your life, you must give him the opportunity.'

'In what way have I hindered his making the most of my life thus far?' was the low query.

'Could you tell me what books you have read during the past year, my boy?' was the evasive reply.

"Oh, yes,' was the ready answer, 'for I keep a list of all I read.'

He then read over a long list of books recently issued, and ended with:

'Quite a long list for a business man, isn't it?'

'Y-e-s, so long a list that I wonder what time you found to study your chart,' said the minister, placing his hand lovingly upon the Bible, as he said it.

There was no response, and so the speaker continued:

'It is written that all shall be taught of God. Now, Harold, God is wanting a chance to make himself known to you through his Word, but what chance has he when your every leisure moment is filled with the reading of books which are, to say the least, scarcely worthy to live, if I have been rightly informed.'

'None, I fear,' fell from the lips of the one whose eyes had been fixed upon the venerable speaker, as if trying to read even his unuttered thoughts, 'but I have come to be regarded as the greatest reader of my circle of friends, and I count it so great an honor, that I am getting to be an omnivorous reader.'

'I should judge so by the length of your list; but tell me frankly how many of those books strengthened your faith in Christ and your determination to serve him more faithfully?'

The silence was unbroken for a little space, save for the dismal roar of the wind, and then Harold answered fervently, 'Not one, I fear.'

'Oh, Harold! Harold!' exclaimed his former pastor, looking at him lovingly and earnestly, 'is it worth while, for the sake of the admiration of worldly friends, to so fritter away the precious time which should be given to studying the Book, and reading what is along that line?'

A shake of the head was the only answer to the query put with the old-time

fervor, and so he pressed the subject still further by saying, 'If report says truly, some of the books on your long list would not bear the searchlight of Paul's injunction: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure—think on these things." Am I right in this conclusion, my young friend?'

Only a long-drawn sigh filled the pause, and then the man of years and discretion clinched what he had been saying by this direct question, 'Is that giving God a chance?'

'No! no!' was the decisive answer. 'I plainly see that I have not given him the shadow of a chance to mould my life; and yet, only a few hours ago, I wondered why I seemed so far removed from him, and why my life was so bare and barren. But tell me, my faithful friend, how to put myself where God can use me, for I am weary of the useless life I have been leading.'

'I will endeavor to do so most gladly, my dear boy,' was the tremulous answer, 'for I have both hoped and prayed for this glad hour. First, you must again consecrate yourself fully to your Saviour, as you did when you gave your heart to him years ago. Then I would suggest the years before you went to college as worthy of imitation in many ways. For you will bear me out in saying that the boy Harold was always in his proper place on the Lord's Day, and that he could be counted upon as faithfully performing his part in the various branches of church work; while the boy grown tall rarely gives God a chance to speak to him through his pastor's sermons, and I would not be surprised to learn that he has been a stranger to the blessed influence of prayer meetings for many a year.'

Here the speaker paused for a possible reply, but the one addressed kept his eyes fixed upon the floor and was silent.

'The trouble is, Harold, worldliness, in various ways, has so sapped your strength as to leave no room for Christian development,' continued the man, who was bent on doing his best to answer his own prayers, 'consequently, at this sudden awakening, you are amazed at the barrenness of your life. But do you not see that you alone are responsible for what so depresses you, as well as what has brought grief to the hearts of those who, knowing of your God-given gifts, expected you to make rapid strides in the Christian life?'

'Yes, yes, it is all as light as day,' exclaimed Harold, springing to his feet and pacing the floor with a look of determination on his face, and then, as when a boy, he threw an arm about the neck of his old pastor, and pleadingly said, 'Pray for me!'

It was late into the night when that memorable interview ended, but the one who once more faced the blinding storm heeded it not, for his heart was attuned to the last words which he had spoken as he pressed the hand of this saintly friend.

'I will no longer strive for the plaudits of the world, but give God a chance to use me.'

A few weeks later the new pastor remarked to the old one, 'I can count on Harold White every time now. He said to me only yesterday, "Send me anywhere, or ask me to do anything, for I have been a drone in the church-hive so long that I have no disposition to select the easy places." I tell you he is doing his best to brush up his buried talents.'

The kindly face of Dr. Roberts was aglow with joy, but he did not attempt to voice his thoughts beyond saying, as if thinking aloud, 'He is giving God a chance.'

How We Owned a Missionary

(V. F. Penrose, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Why do they give so little?' I asked my last guest at a parlor conference on missions.

'They feel no sense of responsibility,' he replied.

Could this sense of responsibility be aroused? At last the foreign board told us we could own a missionary when we could support one. This was the first step.

More than fourteen hundred Christian Endeavor members in our circuit, and only $117 for foreign missions as their offerings! So many letters were sent out saying we could have our own missionary if——

Many visits were paid to the societies, and missionary talks were given. After much investigation we procured the photograph of the man we were pledged to support in connection with another larger group of young people. This was duplicated, and was sent out broadcast and paid for. The money rose to five hundred dollars.

Then we felt we might call him ours. But no; the other group had greater claims, because he used to be one of them.

'If you would only take another,' said the secretary of the board. 'We do so want one in South America fully supported. His salary is $1,100.'

'It would do the societies good to make an advance. They could. They can. They will,' was the reply.

Finding that $21.15 represented one week's salary, we asked in an August circular letter how many weeks each society would be responsible for. It was surprising how many very small societies at once began to increase their offerings.

We had a four months' outline study of South America planned. We collected from very many wide-spread sources, from Canada, California, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, leaflets and cuttings about South America. We secured a number of copies of 'An Evening in South America,' published at ten cents a copy by the South American Evangelical Mission, 66 Yonge street, Arcade, Toronto, Canada.

We found out what few books on South America were obtainable, that the missionary libraries some were forming might be re-enforced. We got a number to buy the little classic, 'South America, the Neglected Continent,' by Millard and Guinness. Fortunately there is a paper edition. The very weakest societies could secure a copy. While not up to date, it is the only compendium, and its graphic pages stir all who read them.

The study outlines were so arranged that after every subdivision of ten or fifteen minutes there would be sentence prayers for the land or continent or the vast possibilities suggested. After the four months were over, one society sent word, 'We are now going to review it all, praying more than ever.'

Prayer has been the one 'secret of success.' No letter went forth unprayed for. No single step was taken unprayed for. Everywhere prayer was asked for 'our own missionary,' at home and in the society.

His letters began to come. They were full of faith and works. He seemed to live with his master. His desires for them were so large. 'Have you faith to ask for so much?' he wrote in his first letter to us. These letters, duplicated, were sent to all. Many wrote personal letters to him, perhaps each one in a society sending a message signed with his or her own name. One missionary committee of eighteen young boys and girls did this, and 'they never once forgot to pray for him,' their leader said. Replies came. We were all kept close to the thought of God, to the 'practice of the presence of God.'

We wrote to him for a photograph, and the duplicated copies were sold, several hundreds of them. This covered the expenses, and even left a little balance to be used for some of the work he loved.

Many visits were paid. Small conferences of the missionary committees in various centres were arranged for. We loved him very much. He drew us all closer and closer to God.

Perhaps this was because, like Enoch, he 'walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.'

One beautiful autumn day the news came. 'I know he has done a work here (Santiago, Chile) that few others have done, and a work that will live after him for years.'

On all sides sorrow was expressed. 'Every one loved him; it was remarkable,' said the secretary of the board.

'I think we have all learned through him to really love God more, to feel the work is his,' said one young worker.

The money had reached nine hundred dollars under the impetus of his co-laborer of ours. We felt that we had made a start. We felt that in spite of our sorrow and loss the year together had been such a blessing that we could but give thanks for it.

Together with the letter announcing his death went this note:—

'Dear Christian Endeavor Friends: God's work must go on, despite his removal of workers. Pray for the work in Chile; pray for the wife and children.

'Do not let us stop our gifts a few weeks even. We have been giving better. Have we made sacrifices in order to give? Can we this year, because we have been privileged to be co-laborers with such a missionary for one year? Can we also make sacrifices for Christ's work in other lands?

'Pray more than ever. I hope soon to send you a letter telling of our new missionary. 'Yours in his name,

'—— ——.'

The new missionary has been given us, a noble man in the same great, wicked city. We have sent him the assurances of our faithfulness and appreciation. We look forward to larger things, more prayer, 'more love to thee, O Christ,' more faithfulness, more money. Making these things precede the money, secures it.

Oh, money is needed sorely in the mission work; sorely it is needed. But far more is needed to 'love the Lord more deep,' as the Chinese translate the hymn just quoted.

Are you doubtful of the results in your work? Just stop a while and pray. 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.' 'Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks.'

Work with little prayer may have large money returns, but does it cause all to 'grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to him be glory both now and for ever?'

This is the one foundation of all real success, the success that keeps on growing in spite of difficulties and losses. Rains, floods, winds, beat on it, but it is not hindered. 'For it was founded upon a rock.'

How the Brothers Chose.

(Helen A. Hawley, in the 'Wellspring.')

'Does that old tree remind you of any ancient sculpture?' asked my friend.

As she questioned, I looked up at a gnarled old apple tree, standing in the front yard of a cottage, and with only an instant's hesitation answered, 'The Laocoön.' Indeed, the resemblance was much more than hinted. The bare limbs were turned and twisted, as if writhing in tremendous struggle. Every muscle was tense. They seemed in agony.

My friend resumed: 'I was sure you would see it. That tree always recalls to me the story of the cottage, or rather of its occupants. If you care to listen, I will tell it as we walk.'

My assent was eager, and she went on: 'I tell it as it was told to me by the mother's own lips. Years ago she was a happy young wife, but the husband died, leaving her with two little boys. Their life together had been in lowly ways. He was a country minister, and all he left of worldly goods, besides their plain household furniture, was a life insurance of three thousand dollars. Then came the problem which comes to many—what to do.

'This brave woman said to herself, "Not only must my boys be housed and clothed and fed, they must be educated." For those boys had been dedicated to the ministry by the dear voice now silent, if so be God would accept them for such service.

'After much consultation and much prayer, some friend who had been here suggested this place as a boarding house. Here many invalids came; there was demand for bright rooms and wholesome food. This cottage was not too far out to be easily accessible, and the quaintness of the old-fashioned garden, with its box-bordered beds, was attractive. Twenty-five hundred dollars went in the purchase, and she had five hundred left for emergencies.

'She told me she really thought that old apple tree made her decide to buy. She said it looked so much as if it had battled with difficulties and grown strong. She was not learned in classic lore. I doubt if she had ever heard of Laocoön; at least, the tree told her no story of hopeless struggle. Afterwards, when bud and blossom came and foliage softened the stern outlines, she said it seemed to her a prophecy that out of her toiling, struggling life should come beauty, and fruit, perhaps, worthy to be offered to the Lord.

'It would take too long to tell the steps by which those boys were clothed and fed and educated, working their way in part, till the time came when they went to college.

'As yet, the one great prayer had not been answered. Though both were manly fellows, they had not come to God. The mother's faith did not waver. In telling me of those days, she said, "I believed God's word; that children given to him and trained for him should one day be claimed by him as his own."

'The day came, but not until the last year of their college life. Though there was two years' difference in age, they had entered together. The wise mother had reasoned: "They will help each other, and, what is more, they will save each other from unwise friendships."

'In that last year, a quiet, deep work was wrought in the college, and the two yielded themselves to Christ, thenceforth to live unto him.

'It was not long before the question of a profession arose. They knew their mother's wish; they knew in what way she and their father, whom they could just remember, had given them to the Lord. The young men were quite unlike in taste and temperament. The elder took after his father; studious, fond of books, a ready writer, sensitive and sympathetic. Where his duty lay, it was not difficult to decide. Nature and grace pointed to the path his father had walked, and the mother was soon made glad by his decision.

'The younger was more like herself; a fair student, but leaning to the business side of life. When the boys worked during vacations, he had always contrived to do something where there was buying and selling, quick to turn an honest penny. With him the choice of life's work was not so easy. He was sincere in his consecration to the master, ready to enter the ministry if that was the best way to serve him, if that was God's call—but was it? Confident that light must come from above, he took it to the Lord in prayer, patiently, reverently, submissively.

'Afterwards he told his mother: "There was one text which haunted me—'If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.' You may not think it applies, mother, but I think it does. Why not as well to giving a life as to giving money? So I set myself to ask honestly, in God's sight, what I have. And, mother, you will be sadly disappointed, but I believe my capacity for business is what I have to give."

'"Ah!" said she, "you will need far more grace to lead this life than the other."

'"Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" he answered, and with that she said, "I had to still my doubting heart."

'Not till long afterwards did she know the form this consecration took. He solemnly promised that it should be the purpose of his life to make money for the Lord, devoting his life to that, as his brother devoted his to the ministry. The resolve took this definite shape: That, however rich he might become, he would never use for himself, in a year, any larger sum than his brother's salary. If wealth increased, he would enlarge his business in all wise ways, looking ever to greater results, but only as greater means of usefulness to the master's work. I think at the time he told this to no one but his brother, and together they often prayed that God would bless them and make them blessings, as in the old days he had promised Abraham.'

'How did it turn out? Did he keep his vow?' I asked, deeply interested in this singular story.

'Well,' said my friend, 'more than twenty years have passed, and the prayers are answered. The elder brother is the successful pastor of a large city church. The younger, through work and a steady aim, has reached his wish. To-day he is a very rich man. They are in the same city, and the business man, whose wealth is measured by hundreds of thousands, lives in the same modest way as the other. Quietly, true to his purpose, he has carried it out literally, and I couldn't tell you the good he has accomplished in home and heathen lands.'

'And is the mother satisfied with the choice now?'

'More than satisfied. She says she sees how God answers prayer when he seems to deny. She asked that her boy might be a minister, and instead he has educated ministers, he has built churches, he has sent out missionaries. God has given him "all sufficiency in all things," that he might "abound to every good work."'

Some Good Advice on Keeping Positions.

(James J. Hill, in 'Success.')

You can hold your position if you fit yourself to its mould so as to fill every crevice. Be like a cake. At first it is a soft, spongy dough, and is poured into a mold, which it but half fills. As it bakes it rises, and crowds every dent in the mould. Not contented, it bulges over the top; it makes a cake larger than the mould will hold. So, young man and young women, be larger than your mould. After you have filled every crease and crevice of your position to advantage, work out at the top. It is the largest cake that brings the most money.

Always keep your promises. Your employer will not ask you to do more than is possible. Remember that an unfulfilled promise is as bad as a downright untruth. Live within your means. Never let a month pass that you do not put something in the bank. Saving is the great basic principle in the foundation of success. Dress neatly and plainly, for an employer marks a man as a fool who apparels himself with extravagance and glaring colors. Never try to win the favor of your employer by slandering your fellow-workers. Slander always sticks. Show kindness to your fellow-employees, but do not let it be forced kindness, for that deserves no thanks. Resolve slowly, and act quickly. Remember, it is better to be alone than in bad company, and that a clear conscience gives sound sleep and good digestion, and clothes one in an impregnable coat of mail.

There are ways of being great, which are open to all of us. Charles Kingsley had in mind such ways, when he wrote his inspiring 'Farewell' to the little girl who asked him for a song:

'My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol,
Than lark's, who hails the dawn o'er breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever.
Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, Death and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.'

How John Duff Found His Mind.

('The Youth's Companion.')

John Duff is the solidest man in the old town of Britton. While making handsome additions to his modest inheritance, he has been open-handed in public benefactions and private charities. Even Schmidt, the socialist tailor, and Gorton, the anarchist shoemaker, have been heard to admit that if all men got property so fairly and used it so honorably, the mischiefs and miseries of the present economic order would soon mend themselves.

In fact, Squire Duff, as they call him, has never been suspected of enriching himself by impoverishing others, and many of his townsmen might testify that his prosperity had contributed largely to their own.

His rugged integrity is in partnership with a clear and broad intelligence. He is not a lawyer; yet from near and far men come to him for counsel, and refer their disputes to him for settlement. In the town meeting, after other voices have been heard, the doubtful scale is generally tipped by a few cool words from John Duff. His name has even been suggested for a place in the governor's council.

The village schoolmaster once called him 'Old Brains,' and the title has stuck, just as if Dartmouth College had decorated him with a degree.

But now comes a pretty piece of history. In his youth John Duff was looked upon as the most unpromising lad in Britton. Old Peter Duff and his wife were among 'the excellent of the earth'; and people wondered that so worthy a couple should be burdened and cursed with such a rattle-pated, good-for-nothing son—their only child! As parental admonitions seemed to fall upon him like sunshine and rain on desert sand, there remained only the resource of secret prayers and tears. The mother's heart was wrung; the father grew old before his time.

As John neared his twenty-first birthday, he exulted in the thought that in a few weeks the last restraint would fall away, and he should be 'his own man.' But one day the kind-voiced doctor startled him with a message: 'Your father can live but a few hours, and he wishes to see you.' 'About the disposition of the property?' was John's inward question.

But a feeling of awe crept over him as he stood by the bed of death and saw the strange change which had come over the face so familiar to him from childhood.

A feeble hand reached out to clasp his own. The voice seemed to come from far away—from the boundary-line of words.

'My son, I only ask from you one promise. After I am gone, will you go down to the wood-lot every day for a week, and spend half an hour alone, in thinking?'

Deeply agitated, yet half-relieved at being let off so easily, John made the promise.

The day after the funeral he repaired to the wood. As he sat among the trees, the image of his vanished father rose before him with a solemn and commanding grandeur, which seemed to reprove his own pettiness and worthlessness. 'What would he have me think about, and how am I to begin? I seem to have no mind.'

Could this be the place where he had gone bird-nesting, chasing squirrels, gathering nuts and hallooing with the other boys—often to the neglect of his duties? He was here now on a different errand, and the place was changed. For the first time in his life he was impressed with silence and solitude, with the soft air, the breadths of sunlight and shade, the pomp of the sky, the unfolding life and beauty of the springtime.

Some slighted lessons about creation and the creator seemed to mix with the scene, as if he were a part of the vast order, and yet not in full harmony with it.

Then came penitent memories of his father, whose forgiveness he could never ask; a stirring of tenderness toward his lone and sorrowing mother; with anger and shame toward himself for having caused them bitter years.

But he could not dwell on the wasted, wretched past. The future rose to meet him with a challenge and a voice of hope. Then all his newly roused forces of thought and feeling gathered to a prayer and a purpose. By the heavenly help, might he not yet be a man?

A half-hour is a long time for an undisciplined youth to spend in solitary reflection; but John Duff did not emerge from the grove for three full hours.

'Mother,' said he, in a voice she had never heard before, 'you may trust me now. I have found my mind.'

There was much craning of necks on Sunday morning as the widow walked to her pew, leaning on the arm of her son. But not even the pastor could realize the fitness and force of one verse in the Psalm for the day: 'I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.'

Farmer Webber's Views.

[A story sermon preached by Rev. R. W. Churchill to the young people of his society.]

('Morning Star.')

Farmer Webber dwelt upon his few acres, and in his own humble home; the children were married and in their own homes in distant localities. The passing years, with their experiences, had left Farmer Webber—by nature of keen perception and strong powers—somewhat of a philosopher. As a result the long winter evenings, before the old fireplace with its glowing coals and dancing flames, were often enlivened by discussion and argument, so that as

'The old rude-furnished room
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom,'

the mind of many a youth, and maid as well, went with rosy light, and more abounding hope, out into the world. In the early days of November, preceding the winter of which my story tells, a young man had found his way across from the lumbering regions of eastern Maine, and sought and found work with a lumberman of this section.

I need not describe to you the typical New England grocery store, that served as bulletin board and daily paper to every rural New England village. Hither the men hied themselves, after the 'chores' were done, and returned at a later hour, to repeat with many a comment the news to their home-keeping spouse, deploring the while that women were such gossips. At the village grocery, our young friend of the lumber camp, whom we will call John Campbell, met Farmer Webber, the humble but keen philosopher of the village, and a pleasant acquaintance had its initial stages there. It was at an early evening hour, following a day in which the storm had been

'Heaping field and highway
With its garments deep and white.'

when Campbell, as was the custom in the rural districts, stamped the snow from his feet, and walked directly into the spacious kitchen of Farmer Webber, where the two aged ones sat in the twilight, having just finished the evening meal.

'Thought I'd better come here; danger of being converted at the revival meetings.'

'Yes,' replied his host, 'walk into the sitting-room, John, where there's more light. By the way, John, isn't that what the boys are doing at the church—coming into the light?'

A brief silence ensued, as both men gazed into the open fire.

'You don't believe that it will be the salvation of a soul just to believe, do you? And just as if a man could believe what he wished to believe. I've heard it until I'm tired—sick of it all.'

'Well, now,' said the farmer in rural phrase, 'you read the papers. It does seem as if in politics men believe about as they wish; and when my boy Hezekiah fell in love with Ruth his wife—Land! he wouldn't believe that she wasn't perfect. Believed just what he wanted to. Yes, John, there's a kind of truth in it after all. People believe about as they like. Why, John, Bill Hunt actually believed that he had the best colt in the country till he was distanced in ten races, and then he reckoned something was wrong in the weather, or time of the moon, not in the hoss. But, John,' continued the farmer, 'I reckon this matter of religion is another thing altogether.'

'Why?' said John, impatiently.

The old man leaned over, reached for the tongs (a habit of his), and picked up a bit here and another there and threw them into the fire, thinking the while. Then he placed them in their corner again, and looked at the young man.

'What's all that got to do with religion?' said John, almost rudely.

'Well, now,' said the host, 'seems if when a man believes what he wants to, and finds it hard to believe in the Son of God, he ought kind o' naturally to ask why he's got a moral twist that way, and don't wish to believe, and how he come by it, and, kind o' naturally, how he can get rid of it. I planted a field of corn up in the medder lot, and every hot day it curled up and sunshine didn't agree with it. One day Colonel Blake leaned over the fence and said, "What ails that corn, William?" "You say, colonel," said I. "That corn has something too strong for it in the hill," said the colonel. "It's feeding on the wrong thing," an' when a man curls up under the light of God or a field of corn curls up under the sun in the heavens, John, there's danger."

'What did you do with that corn?' said the young man.

'Put the plough under it the next day, and then put in new seed. One day in the fall the colonel reined up his horse and looked at that corn. "I vow, William," said he, "I thought that corn would die."

'"So it did, colonel," said I. "I ploughed it under." Bad thing when a man don't like the light; better ask why. The book says "only believe," John.'

'What sense is there in it, I'd like to know?'

'Well, John,' continued the farmer, 'you believe in fair play, don't you?'

'I hate meanness,' was the reply.

'It isn't fair play to come to religion prejudiced against the Master, because some mean fellow pretended to be a Christian and wasn't. There was Ben Weeks 'd never believe in a Morgan horse cos one kicked him. But the Morgans, John, are all right. Now if a man throws away all unfairness and all excuses that don't count after they are put into words, an' he just looks at things as they are, Jesus as he is, the world as it is where Jesus reigns, and our own need of something to make us whole, what would be the result?' There was silence, continued silence, but a look upon the young man's face betrayed that he was deeply moved.

'Say it, John,' said the farmer; 'what are you thinking about?'

'I was thinking of a drive of logs on a northern river.' The shaggy eyebrows of the old man were lifted in amazement.

'Yes,' continued the younger, 'It was in the spring of ninety-two. The logs run for miles, as if each log had a will of its own, and that will was to go down stream, but in a narrow channel one log went end foremost against a rock, and before you could say "Jack Robinson" the whole boom was hung up by a thousand logs packed in. After a whole day's work we gave it up. There was but one thing to do: go out and cut the log that held them all. That meant danger and perhaps death to the man who should attempt it.' There was a moment's silence.

'Did you do it, John?' asked the old man.

The young man bowed his head as if he did not like to speak of that hour. At last he said, 'When that log was gone you should have seen that boom of a million logs shoot the rapids, and run out into the basin below. About (he hesitated as if half a mind to leave it unsaid) about as a man would have to rush to Christ, if all of his excuses were out of the way.'

A smile played over the farmer's face as he replied, 'Yes, yes, that's about it. Then it's a problem of being honest, first of all, isn't it, John? God doesn't like a dishonest man, and the moment that one is honest there's but one result: he just naturally finds the work done, and himself a believer, with something of a song in his heart.' Again Farmer Webber had recourse to the tongs as he soliloquized.

'There's a lot of men that are hung up on their excuses. John Edwards says that he won't believe because a man up in Canada, a professor, beat his father in a trade. John's wife is a saint, girl's just the same, but it don't seem to count with him. Can't get his eye off that old trade. There's an old man out beyond the village, just hobbles 'round on his cane; he says he don't understand it all, it's too big for his brain. We used to go to school together; he got over to nines in the multiplication table, and that was too big for him. Now when our first baby came mother wasn't strong and he'd cry with her, but, when I took him in my brawny arms, he seemed to feel that there was strength enough for him and lots over, and he would go right to sleep. I like the religion that is all that I can grasp, and God's greatness beyond that, John. I can rest in it.' Just then came a sharp, heavy rap at the door, and a man stepped in saying, 'Mark Stone is dying and wants Aunt Mary to come over and pray with him.'

Quietly the sewing was laid aside, and the wife remarked as she left the home, 'I'll stop all night, father; they will need me.' The young man walked silently by the Christian woman, until at the sick man's door he bade her good night.

Softly we draw the curtain on the old man kneeling by his chair, to say that in the spring young Campbell was one of the number who, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, was baptized and went forth doing the will of him that sent him.

Receiving Stolen Goods.

(The 'Union Gospel News.')

The time has gone when rich men were lauded to the skies for leaving a portion of their wealth to some church or benevolent institution, after they had passed beyond the need and use of money. Many a person, who has had vastly more than all his reasonable wants and tastes could demand, has lived out a long life, holding tightly to his fortune, while scores of persons and institutions within easy reach have undergone hardship and have been compelled to see what might have been golden opportunities pass beyond their grasp, because the few dollars needed were not to be found. With chances for doing untold good all about him our tight-fisted friend complacently held on to everything until warned by unmistakable signs that the end could not be far off. Then he drew up his will, leaving the great bulk of his means to some institution which would thereby be enabled to open a particular department or erect a new building, and incidentally perpetuate the name of the generous donor for generations. He was thereafter called a benefactor of his fellows, many of whom were simple enough to think him a true philanthropist.

The example of numerous wealthy men of the present indicates that a step in the right direction is being taken, for millions of money are being expended in philanthropic ways while the givers have yet prospects of long life. There is, however, one phase of this new method which is apt to bring reproach upon the church and its institutions; that is, the promiscuous receiving of money regardless of the means by which it was accumulated. The church must not become the beneficiary of wrong doing, be it crime in the form of outright theft or dishonest business methods. True, no iron rule can be laid down for the acceptance of gifts, circumstances alter cases, but the general principle should be that the church must not share with any wrong-doer the enjoyment of his evil gains. Better a congregation worshipping in a barn than in an imposing edifice for which the poor, the fatherless and the oppressed have paid through the extortion of the usurer, the gambler, or the industrial tyrant.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance

Prince Edward's Ambition.

Little Prince Edward has fully made up his mind to be a sailor. A few days ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the Royal nursery, and found his bonnie son very busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship. 'Well, my little man,' said the Prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, 'I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know.' 'Yes, daddy,' cried Prince Edward excitedly, 'and I want to be a sailor, too, when I'm grown up.' 'Ah!' said the Prince of Wales, smiling, 'and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor, I suppose?' 'Not because of that, I think,' said the young Prince, thoughtfully; 'because I don't like doing my lessons always, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 31, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Venezuelan Dispute—The 'Evening Post,' New York.
The Law and the British Trades Unions—The New York 'Times.'
A Prosperous Year—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Protectionist Germany and Free Trade Britain—'The Spectator,' London.
First Comments on the New Licensing Act.
An English Economist on Trusts—'The Daily Chronicle,' London.
The Last of the Correspondents of the Old School—'The Nation" New York.
Unstable France—By M. de Blowitz, in the London 'Times' of Dec. 30.
Estimates of Senor Sagasta.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

How to Look at Pictures—'The Spectator,' London.
Mutilating Pictures—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
How the 'Promenade' was Painted—By Gerome, in 'Harper's Magazine' for February.
What Organists Should Be—The 'Daily Mail,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Seer—By Arthur Stringer, in the February 'Century,' New York.
At Eventide—By Arthur Christopher Benson, in 'The Spectator,' London.
Winter—By Robert Louis Stevenson.
Mr. Francis Thompson—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Personal Magnetism—'The Spectator,' London.
Ninth Volume of the Encyclopaedia Britannica—Reviewed by the Speaker of the House of Commons in 'The Times,' London.
The Alleged Lunacy of Hatters—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Paul Kruger—'The Pilot,' London.
A Plea for Christian Unity—By the newly-appointed Dean of Westminster, Dr. Armitage Robinson, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Courtesy Increasing with Knowledge—'The Independent,' New York.
Surgery in Remote Country Districts—'American Medicine.'
The Purposes and Nature of an Ideal Sanatorium for Consumptives—'The Daily Express,' London.
The Aurora Borealis—By Frank Wilbert Stokes, in the February 'Century Magazine,' New York.
Solid Chunks of Oil—'The Tribune,' New York.
A Chinese Geography—By Robert S. Archer, in the 'Anglo-American Magazine.'
The Humors of Railroading—The 'Scientific American.'
Speculative Science—Prof. W. S. Franklin.
Evolution of the Clock—The 'Springfield Republican.'
Star Time—'St. Nicholas,' New York.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Snow Crystals.

I am sure you have watched them fall from God's high heaven.

How snug and warm you were as you looked at them through the window! Everything was so silent as they fell. Though millions of them came down they made not the slightest sound in falling, and everything was covered as with a thick, pure, white carpet.

Most likely no two snowflakes are alike in size and form. Each one has its own shape. Don't you like to think that each snowflake is a lovely thought of God?

If you could only catch them and keep them long enough to examine them, you would see how beautiful they are. But they hardly touch your hand before they melt.

Still they have been caught, put under a microscope, and even photographs taken of these snow crystals.

Would you like to know how God makes them? He calls up a biting north-east wind, and sets it blowing through a current of air that is not quite so cold.

In the air there are always a great multitude of tiny atoms of water, but you do not see them. Then when the temperature of the air falls below the freezing point of water, the atoms of water take the form of flaky crystals of ice.

These are the snowflakes. When they fall in large or small numbers we call them snow.

How very wonderful God is! Job likened him to a great man breathing over all the land, and the ground is covered with white frost, as though it were the frozen breath of God. 'By the breath of God frost is given.'

But does not the snow say something to us? Falling so silently, making everything look so pure, it seems to me just to whisper: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'

By these fair ice crystals God is telling boys and girls how they can become even 'whiter than snow.' For young peoples' lives are not quite as good as God wishes them to be.

Ugly tempers, hasty words, unkind deeds, thoughtless conduct make black marks on children's hearts. So that if you would have these spots taken away you can make this your own prayer: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'

And the wonderful thing is that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

You see, then, the lesson of the snow is not a hard one to learn, is it? Every one of you can learn it, and I think you mean to do so.

Remember, God's beautiful snow stands for purity, and without that we shall not be able even to see God, much less live with him for ever.

'Purer yet and purer
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear."

—Joseph Woodhouse.

A Queer Neighbor.

('Youth's Companion.')

Prissy had just moved into a new house and now she was trying to get acquainted with her neighbors. Little Milly Mint, who lived next door, had made her a visit and asked Prissy to come to see her the next day. So Prissy braided her hair very neatly and walked slowly over to Mr. Mint's, with her head down, and feeling very strange and shy, indeed. But, oh, dear! how her heart did beat when she stood at the door and heard a queer, gruff voice calling out: 'Go home! Go home! Go straight home!'

So she turned right around and hurried out at the gate, with a very pink face and hanging her poor little head still lower than before. Such queer neighbors! She was sure she would never go to that house again!

But she did though. When Milly found out what the matter was she laughed and promised to show Prissy her rude neighbor. Soon she was running in with a big cage, in which sat a green Poll-parrot. It was naughty Polly that had given poor, shy Prissy such a fright. The little girls were good friends from that day, and now Prissy only smiles when inhospitable Polly tries to send her home.

Elsie's Fright.

(Anna D. Walker, in the 'Christian Intelligence.')

A great many years ago there lived a little girl, Elsie, as we will call her, who had a great fear of Indians. She lived in a city and had never seen an Indian, but she was not yet six years old, and of course her ideas were very vague and childish.

Elsie went to a school held in a private house. The school was upstairs, and one day when the little maiden went tripping down to the door, she saw two chimney sweeps, with their brooms, and their sooty faces and garments.

'Oh,' cried little Elsie to herself, 'there are two Indians! There are two Indians!' and horror-stricken she flew up the stairs again, seeking for a place to hide from the dreadful foe. She ran into a room where she saw a bed, and at once she crawled under its sheltering curtains, and there felt herself secure.

The house was quiet, Elsie was tired, and very soon she dropped asleep. The school children went home, and the little sleeper's mother began to wonder why her little girl did not return with the other children. At length the wonder grew into anxiety, and she went to inquire of the teacher about the im-

portant subject. The teacher in surprise replied, 'If she is not at home, I do not know where she is; I am sure she left the school when the other children did.'

This was puzzling to both mother and teacher, but the former said, 'I will quietly look for her now, but if she is not soon found I will have the bellman out.'

Now Elsie was, for a child, very easily awakened, and soon after her mother's call the sudden slamming of a door made her start and open her eyes. At once she remembered about the Indians, and she crept softly from the hiding-place, and, undecided what to do, she stood by the side of the bed and cried. It was very still there, and 'the Indians had killed most of the children, she s'posed, and were likely waiting to kill her,' and her cries grew into sobs.

The good teacher heard the noise, and came into the room to see what was the matter. Seeing Elsie, she joyfully exclaimed, 'Oh, here is the little lost girl! Where have you been, Elsie, and what is the cause of your tears?'

'Why, I hided under that bed, 'cause there was two awful Indians outdoors, and they was hollerin' "Kill ho—! Kill Ho—!"

'Why, my child, there have been no Indians around here. What do you mean?' and for the time the teacher was mystified.

'There was Indians, and they were all black, and had a big long thing something like a broom to kill children with, and I 'spect they've killed 'em all but me!' cried Elsie, her face full of horror.

The good woman gathered up the child in her arms, and explained to her that she had seen two chimney sweeps, and that they would not harm her in the least.

After a great deal of reassuring, Elsie was comforted, especially after she had been reminded of the Lord's care over her. She was quickly restored to her mother, but for a time kept a dread of Indians in her mind. It was from Elsie, now an old lady, that we heard the story of her fright at seeing the chimney sweeps.

A TYPICAL MEMBER OF THE IH-HWO-CH'UAN.

The illustration here reproduced from 'China and the Allies' is from a drawing in color by the author and represents a Boxer in war costume in the attitude assumed while advancing to the assault.

'They came running on like madmen,' writes Mr. Landor in his account of the attack on Tientsin, 'brandishing their swords, some with wild yells, others chanting the Ih-Hwo-Ch'uan war song, the translation of which is as follows:—

'Strike towards heaven and its gates will be opened,
Strike towards the earth and its gates will give way;
You must practice the Ih-Hwo-Ch'uan.
For the leader will soon appear.'

Dilly Dally.

('Sunbeam.')

Dilly Dally was almost seven years old. See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name!

'O Dilly Dally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses and don't spill a bit. I want it—well, no matter. I want it.'

The molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His troubles came afterward. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow-breast, and heard a sweet note that made him stop and see what the leaves hid. That took a minute.

'Oh, I must hurry!' he said, and started again; but this time Mister Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger.

It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

'O Dilly Dally,' said his mother, 'where have you been all this time? It was your party, and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake and give them all a piece and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad.'

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

'O Dilly Dally,' said his mother, sorrowfully, 'why don't you earn a better name?'

Dilly Dally says he is going to. How do you suppose he is going to do it?

LESSON VIII.—FEBRUARY 22.

1 Corinthians xiii., 1-13.

Golden Text.

Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity. 1 Cor. xiii., 13.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 16.—1 Cor. xiii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Feb. 17.—1 John ii., 1-11.
Wednesday, Feb. 18.—I John iii., 14-24.
Thursday, Feb. 19.—1 John iv., 7-21
Friday, Feb. 20.—1 John v., 1-11.
Saturday, Feb. 21.—John xv., 7-17.
Sunday, Feb. 22.—Rom. xiii., 1-14.

(By E. M. Kurtz.)

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish thoughts.

12. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

TIME, PLACE AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

Two weeks ago we took up for study Paul's work at the city of Corinth, and last week the lesson was taken from his first epistle to the Corinthian church. We learned then that one must be willing to give up doubtful indulgences, not alone for his own personal good, but for the sake of his influence upon his fellow men. Last week's lesson was a sort of negative view of this Christian virtue; we were shown there what we must not do, if we would follow Christ and seek to protect one another from falling into temptation. This week we take up the positive side of the matter. The time and place are the same as for last week's lesson. Paul is writing from Ephesus, about the year 56 or 57 A.D. He is giving instruction to the Christians at Corinth as to their lives and conduct, and God has preserved these letters to us for our benefit as well. As we study it, let us keep in mind the godless, wicked and cruel age in which it was written. What a wonderful and new teaching it was for those times!

Before taking up the particular verses of the lesson, let us glance at the chapter and see what its general idea and its plan are. The subject is 'charity,' or more correctly, 'love.' The word here translated 'charity' occurs over a hundred times in the New Testament and in most of those places is translated 'love.' Paul proceeds to show the great worth of love as compared with six distinct Christian virtues and characteristics.

Eloquence, the gift of tongues.
Prophecy, insight into the future.
Knowledge, power to solve mysteries.
Faith, to accomplish great things.
Benevolence, giving freely to the poor.
Self-sacrifice, willing to suffer martyrdom.

After he has shown what this love surpasses, Paul then proceeds to tell us how it manifests itself, and how permanent it is. In the first verse, he says, that, even though he be gifted with the tongues of men and angels, it amounts to little, unless he has love with it. A mere gift amounts to little. Much eloquence is devoted to unworthy purposes, or the speaker is not sincere, or perhaps speaks only to please and entertain his hearers. But if he has with it the love of which Paul speaks, he will have a yearning to help and uplift men with his voice and to spread truth among them. The very spirit of a man enters into what he says, and appeals to others as no beautiful words could do alone. The same truth applies to other things as well. Prophecy and knowledge and even faith amount to little without the quality that gives warmth and light and fruitfulness to our lives. The prophet may be able to foretell the future and still not himself live more than a cold and empty life. The philosopher may penetrate some of the mysteries of the world about him, but what does it amount to in his relation to God and his fellow-men, if he have no love in his heart? Again, one may have such faith in God's power and in his willingness to answer prayer that he can perform miracles, yet even this is a small thing without the spirit of love. A man can give all he has for the poor and be willing to suffer martyrdom, still it does not follow that he has a genuine love in his heart. He can be a great giver, yet his motive may be wrong. He may feel conscience-stricken at so much poverty and suffering about him and give for its relief, because he cannot be at peace unless he does so. Or he may love the name of a philanthropist and give for that reason. The Pharisee could say as he prayed, 'I give tithes of all that I possess,' yet this could not purchase the favor of God. Even to sacrifice one's life is not enough. Among the heathen are those whose lives are spent in self-inflicted torture, because they hope thereby to secure a better lot in the future yet is this a Christian virtue?

Paul now turns to describe how love makes itself known. You will notice that he does not give an exact definition of love, as one of our text books at school would define anything for us. But when it comes to a definition of God himself we are told that 'God is love.' In these three words we have the grandest truth that can be spoken. So love is then the very being of God! No wonder that Paul is content with showing its manifestations, and does not seek to limit our conception of it by a definition! God is thus, through his inspired writer, leading us to cultivate the divine nature within ourselves, for we are invited and privileged to become his sons.

In describing to us the way that love manifests itself Paul says, that it 'suffereth long, and is kind.' This is a simple statement, but what a test of character it contains! Most of us are kind to friends who treat us well, and even to strangers against whom we know nothing. But how many will persistently show forth love and helpfulness in spite of ill-treatment, or of the dislike of anyone. There are thousands of 'fair weather Christians,' who do many good things as long as their Christian love and patience is not tested. When the storm comes they fail. But this love is long-suffering and kind. It is not envious, in other words, it is unselfish. True love and selfishness cannot dwell together. It 'vaunteth not itself,' that is, does not desire worldly admiration and applause.

Then love prompts good behavior, as we find from verse 5. It is not self-seeking, nor does it stir up trouble, and it 'taketh not account of evil,' as the Revised Version puts it. Love not only is not given to making trouble, from low or selfish motives, but it does not take evil into account. A person whose heart is full of this love, so that the life is guided thereby, does not govern his relations to others according to their treatment of himself, or their general conduct. He is equally ready to help and do good to all alike. Christianity, instead of narrowing a person's active virtues to a small circle of friends, to whom he may be indebted, broadens his life till he can see the importance and the value of a generous love that is ready for a kind word or deed at all times to all men, friends, enemies or strangers.

Moreover, this love is not pleased with unrighteousness but rather with the truth. A person full of this Christian love will replace the delight in iniquity with a delight in truth and uprightness.

Again love beareth all things. The original word conveys the idea of covering for protection, as a roof covers the house, to protect it from the rain and snow. It believeth all things; it is not given to doubt and suspicion. A trustful nature is usually found to be a loving one. Likewise it is hopeful and enduring. The cheerful burden bearers of the world perform a great mission for mankind. They not only accomplish hard tasks without grumbling, but they are so good-natured and hopeful about it that they save the world from falling into despair.

Now Paul turns to show how permanent this quality is. Love never fails. The time comes when prophecy is not needed, when the speaking in other tongues shall cease, and when our present knowledge shall vanish away. Now our knowledge is imperfect, but in the great future it shall be perfect. This idea is further illustrated by the child, whose small knowledge is to be laid aside for that of a grown man, and the mirror, in which one saw himself imperfectly. The mirrors of the ancients consisted mainly of small disks of polished metal, which reflected the light poorly and were often uneven, so that the image was distorted. But Paul looks forward to the time when he shall see and know perfectly.

Love and hope and faith shall continue forever. They are not alone elements of imperfect lives here on earth, as are other gifts mentioned, but are qualities of the soul, and shall be eternal. The greatest of them is love.

In connection with this lesson read the discourse on love in 1 John iv., 7-21.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 22.—Topic—An evening with home missions. Acts i., 6-8.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE ARK BUILDER.

Monday, Feb. 16.—Noah's obedience. Gen. vii., 5.

Tuesday, Feb. 17.—Noah's righteousness. Gen. vi., 9.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.—Noah's salvation. Gen. vii., 23.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Noah's doves. Gen. viii., 8-12.

Friday, Feb. 20.—Noah's offering. Gen. viii., 20.

Saturday, Feb. 21.—Noah's rainbow. Gen. ix., 16.

Sunday, Feb. 22.—Topic—What the ark-builder teaches me. Gen. vi., 11-22. Heb. xi., 7.

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Temperance

Pledge forms will be supplied free. 'Messenger' subscribers desiring forms can have a supply by return mail on receipt of post-card.—Ed. 'Northern Messenger.')

Drinking Facilities.

(The 'League Journal.')

The facts, so far as we know, all go to prove that an increase of facilities increase drinking and drunkenness. A man will often go to a public-house within twenty or thirty yards of him who would not go three or four hundred yards. Then every license-holder has a circle of friends among whom he pushes his business. Further the drink appetite grows by what it feeds on. If a man goes into a baker's shop and buys a roll, and eats it, it does not produce in him an overmastering desire to rush into the next baker's shop for another roll, as the drink does in its victim. From the nature of the drink sold every pbulic-house makes trade for every other public-house. All experience goes to prove that parishes and towns free from public-houses are sober, and have little or no crime. This is the experience of the fifteen hundred parishes in the Province of Canterbury, and also of the one hundred and ninety-five parishes in Scotland, with a population of one hundred and thirty-four thousand, which have no licenses, though the benefits have been somewhat minimized by the hawking of liquor in grocers' vans. The recent experience of Liverpool is to the same effect, and the case is proved to the hilt that, other things being equal, drinking facilities measure drinking, drunkenness, and its concomitant evils.

Cigarettes or Success.

('The Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

A school journal devoted to physiology tells of a boy who wished to be a doctor. His uncle, who was an eminent surgeon, said to him: 'If you want to be a successful specialist in surgery, you will have to give up your baseball, for it is hardening and stiffening your hands, and destroying the delicate touch you will need in surgery.'

The boy, who would rather play a game of ball than eat his dinner, any day, decided that to be a great surgeon was better than to be a good ball-player; and he gave up the good for the best.

Not every boy would be compelled to make such a choice, but, as the paper goes on to say, the choice comes in other ways.

With hundreds of boys it is between cigarettes and success. School work in physiology shows boys that whatever enjoyment a boy may get out of sucking narcotic fumes from a paper tube, he has to pay for in future failures in business, when he rubs against the boy or man whose brain is clear and whose heart is not weakened by the cigarette.

Sir Walter Raleigh on Wine.

'Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there was not any man that came to honor or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. A drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness; for the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it; and the older he groweth, the more he will be subject to it; for it dulleth the spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree; or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of a nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a cureless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father.'

Beware!

(E. De Courcy.)

Beware of Alcohol: the foe
That meets you wheresoe'er you go;
A foe that wrecks so many lives—
Parents and children—husbands—wives—
Crushing the strong, cheating the wise—
Listen! the voice of wisdom cries—
Beware!

Beware! for tempters wait around;
In paths you think not they abound;
'Angels of light' they oft appear—
Be not deceived; danger is near;
When thus enticed, watch, strive, and pray,
And you shall conquer in that day—
Beware!

Beware! touch not the fatal glass;
For if you do, alas! alas!
Your downward course may then begin—
A course of sorrow and of sin—
Ending in darkness and despair;
Take heed, and shun the lion's lair.
Beware!

Selections from James Silk Buckingham.

(The 'Temperance Record.')

'I hope the day will come when it shall be deemed a "sine qua non" amongst the qualifications of a missionary to go out with the Gospel to the heathen that he be a teetotaler.'

'Was it ever known that any human being became wiser in consequence of using intoxicating drinks?'

'I will venture to affirm that one-half of the societies, educational and religious, which have held their anniversaries during the last six weeks, could be dispensed with, if the principles of teetotalism were universally practised.'

'They had many difficulties to encounter; because all persons who were interested in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, as well as all who used those drinks, because they loved them, united to oppose their progress, and to uphold the system of drunkenness.'

'Under the advice and sanction of one of the most eminent physicians in London, the late Dr. Armstrong, in the year 1826, I, and all my household, wife, children, servants, and all, voluntarily gave up, at once and entirely, the habitual use of all alcoholic or intoxicating beverages whatever; and since that hour we have never once repented the change.'

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Correspondence

Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—I am getting the 'Messenger' for two years and I like it very much. I live on a farm, and we have sixteen cows, four horses, twenty-two sheep and eighteen hens, etc. I have five brothers and four sisters; their names are: John T., Alexander V., Dan Hiram, David W., and Angus, and Rebecca, Hannah, Jane and Katie Anne. I go to school, and I like my teacher very much, indeed; his name is Mr. Finlayson. He is our teacher in Sunday-school also, and boards with us. I study the fifth book and learn recitations. I was at Sydney this summer and enjoyed being there. One of my brothers is a carpenter. My father keeps a store and I am a clerk. We raise hay, oats, barley, apples and crab-apples. I have great fun sleigh-riding and coasting. One of my sisters is married, and the names of her children are: Angus R., Eliza A., Jimmie H., Alexander and Johnnie. My Aunt Maggie was up from Framboise last week. I am fourteen years old. My birthday is on March 20. GEORGE J. M.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' in Sunday-school. I live in the city of Toronto. It is a beautiful city situated on Lake Ontario. It has a fine and well-protected harbor. We carry on a large manufacturing trade. In fact, there is hardly any branch of manufacture which is not carried on in this city. We have some very nice streets and parks. Toronto is noted for its public buildings. Probably the largest building in the Dominion is the Provincial Asylum. One may pass through Toronto by railway in eight different directions. I have three brothers and no sisters. I have been to a few places of interest, such as Niagara Falls. These falls are most magnificent. The reflection of the sun upon the waters forms a rainbow. I saw Brock's monument and the place where he fell. When going to St. Catharines we passed through two locks and visited the city. If any one by the name of Stoops would kindly write a letter to the 'Northern Messenger' I would be much obliged. K. S.

Brussels, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' and 'Witness' so long we could not do without them. My father and brother voted for Prohibition, but we did not get it; but right will conquer never fear. I am ten years old and I go to school. I am in the senior third class. My teacher's name is Miss Bielby. I saw a letter in the correspondence from Ella Bielby. She is my cousin and spent her holidays this summer at my home. While she was here we all went up to Goderich. They were cleaning out the harbor with a dredge and hauling the dirt away out into the lake by a scow. We were out on the pier and went out to a little island big enough for a house and lawn. We went up one hundred and eighty steps through the park which overlooks the lake and back to the hotel where we had our dinner. Some men had the job of washing some horses in the lake to clean them; they were to go to Manitoba. The prettiest sight of all was to see the white caps come rolling in and the sun shining on them. We could see the lake six miles out of Goderich; it looked like a great blue cloud with flakes of white here and there. There is a large elevator on the edge of the water, so it will be handy to load and unload the boats, and a saw-mill on the water's edge. I got one new subscriber for the 'Messenger.' Has any boy or girl a birthday on the same date as mine, March 15? I wish everybody a Happy New Year. ELLA E.

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—Thursday, December 18, was quite a day with me. Early in the morning a baby sister was born. In the evening a Christmas tree was held in the school-house. My brother Barlow and I took part. He made a speech and sang, and I recited 'The Wonderful Goose.' While

the programme was going on Santa Claus sent three telegrams to the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Bateman. The first was 'I am delayed on the road'; the second, 'I am coming'; the third, 'I'll be there in half an hour.' Sure enough old Santa Claus came popping in at the time he said, with a white fur coat, string of bells round his waist, a red tuque on his head, his face looking very old. Though Santa Claus must be over 500 years old, yet he jumped around like a young kid. He was no sooner inside the door than he was on the platform jingling his bells and shaking hands with the children. He distributed the presents of the tree in a most comical manner. He took a little tin horn off and blew it, and handed it to one of the children. Then he took a wax doll and jumped around with it, then another and kissed it. Thus with each article he would cut up some antic until the tree was stripped and away he went. And soon after away we went, having had a good time. On the next day our school closed for the year. Mr. Sparling, our teacher, bid us good-bye. We felt very sorry at his going. The C. N. R. survey line is two and a half miles south of our cottage. Wishing you a Happy New Year, JULIA W.

Eel River.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to the 'Messenger' for five years and now I would not be without it. I live in a small village. It is about four miles from the shore. We formerly lived on a farm on the banks of the Bay Chaleur. It was a pretty spot, and in the summer our friends were very fond of spending their holidays with us. The greater part of the farmers are also fishermen, and there are always boats on the shore. Looking to the west from our home we can see Dalhousie. This is a very pretty place and a favorite resort for tourists. In the harbor there are a number of small islands. These are called 'Bon Ami Rocks.' That means 'Good Friend' in English. To the north are the Notre Dame mountains. In the distance these mountains appear to be of a bluish color with red streaks down the sides. These streaks are roads. They are formed by the farmers sliding their wood down. One of the steps to our front door was a stone taken from one of those mountains. To the east is Heron Island. This is five miles long and one mile wide. At the rear of our farm was a marl lake. This is of a curious substance. It is largely composed of lime and is used by the farmers as a fertilizer. It has been drained so that there are but a few inches of water remaining. The marl is dug in winter when frozen. Pits are dug to the depth of about ten feet. Logs are sometimes found at this depth perfectly preserved. In this lake are two holes which have not yet been fathomed. Cattle have strayed into this lake and with difficulty been extricated, horses having to be used to take them out. A bridge of logs has been constructed over the lake. This bridge is sinking yearly and is now almost submerged. 'SPORT.'

Greenwich, N.S.

Gentlemen,—I see by the 'Northern Messenger' that you have started a pledge-crusade. I think this will do a great deal of good if it can be carried far enough. I am glad to hear that 50,000 pledges have been sent in. This amount I think could be doubled in a very short time. I feel that I should do something to help along the good work. Please send some pledges, and I will try and do what I can. I will be very glad to sign one myself, although I do not use intoxicants. I have seen so much drunkenness that nothing could tempt me to take it. Hoping to hear from you soon, and wishing you success in the work you have started. I received the Bible Dec. 22 and am well pleased with it. I will send you another subscriber soon. I remain, yours truly, GEO A. DODGE.

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years. But I have not written you a letter yet, and I am going to write you one now. I like the 'Messenger' very much. Father takes the 'World Wide' and also likes it. I have neither brothers nor sisters, but I have two pets, a dog and a bird. I had some white mice but gave them away. We have the sweetest little puppy you ever saw; it is a Yorkshire terrier and we call her 'Witch.' She got at our bedroom slippers recently and carried one of mother's into my room and one of mine into mother's. Then she brought mine back and began to take mother's back to her. ELSIE C. P. (Age 9.)

River Charlo.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is teaching school, and she comes home every two weeks. I go to school every day and am in the fourth grade. We only have half a mile to go, and we get a drive on stormy days. I go to Sunday-school also. We live close to the river, and in the spring the logs run down the river. Last spring the ice broke up in the river, and came down through the fields and over the road. There was about one inch of water ran into the house and we had to leave it for a few days. We thought that it was going to take the house away, but in a few days the water fell. I got new subscribers for the 'Messenger' last spring and I got the Bagster Bible, and I thought it very nice. MURIEL McT. (Age 12.)

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have written two letters before and I have seen both of them in print, so I thought I would write again. I go to the Presbyterian Church and I get the 'Messenger' there. I love to read. I have read a good many books out of our Sunday-school library. When I wrote before my little sister was only about one month old; now she is over nine months old and she is very sweet; her name is Evelyn but we call her Eva. I have four sisters all younger than myself. I will be fourteen years old on the 19th of next March. I do not go to school, but stay at home and help my mother with the housework. My father is a stonemason. A little boy and girl were drowned in the river last spring and their bodies have not been found yet. The boy was about four or five years old and the girl about fourteen. The river is very swift and cannot carry boats; it was so high that it went over the bridge, which is a high one; it is called the Langvin bridge. Is there any little girl who has the same birthday as mine, March 19? I have not received the picture promised for forty names. I sent mine in on the tenth of November. ANNIE M. W.

White Rock, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I was twelve years old my last birthday, August 30. I live on a farm. I have seven brothers and three sisters, and two of my brothers are in the United States. My great great great grandfather and grandmother were killed by the Indians while crossing Dartmouth on the ice. ETHEL P.

Burgeo, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to the Methodist school and Sunday-school. I am in the third reader. There is a large pond near the school. We have fine fun on it sometimes, but the snow is over the ice now and we cannot skate. It is very stormy to-day; I can't go to school this afternoon. We have quite a lot of snow in winter; the boys have fine coasting when it is fine. I have three brothers and one sister and one little brother and sister in heaven. ANNIE LUCINDA P.

Kilgorie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I go to Beach Valley school. We had a concert in the school on Dec. 19. We had dialogues and recitations that were very interesting and amusing. I was interested in a drill that we had. There were twelve little girls in it all dressed in white, and each of us carried two small flags and wore sashes, red, white and blue, and a bunch of roses. My sister and I were both in it. One day we had a vote on temperance; all the scholars voted for temperance, but one little girl; her father was away that day voting for whiskey and she thought she should do as he did. We live near three miles from school, and when the roads get bad we can't go to school. LILLY ETHEL.

Plymouth, N.S.

Dear Editor,—With a sad heart I write to-day that one of our little school companions, Harold Sims, has been laid to rest to-day. He was loved by all, and we will miss him. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. We have organized the White Ribbon Army. My sister Leona and I belong to it. Our superintendent is Mr. Melford Sims, and our Sunday-school teacher is Mr. Wm. Sims. My papa is a farmer; he gave us a nice organ for a Christmas present. I wish all the readers of the 'Messenger' a Happy New Year. GLADYS E. S.

NOTE.

Letters not quite interesting enough to be printed have been received from Simon A. Campbell, Norman Campbell, Bessie Foley, Neta R., Ralph S. Carman, Brig Stevenson, Harry Mawson, Isabella Farlinger, Ernest Farlinger, Ida B., Mary F. B., Nelly Ballagh, Maude Baynton, Jennie A. Mealy, Nellie Johnson.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Mrs. Roxby's Revelation.

(C. Adele Van Wickle, in the New York 'Observer.')

'Etta Roxby, bring me those eggs this minute. How do you expect me to get this pudding done in time for dinner? Now see that you move as if you meant it, and bring me some more kindling wood for this fire. When I was a girl of your age I used to think of all these things.'

Etta had just returned from gathering hen's eggs, and had taken special pains to look in all the out-of-the-way places, so that she could bring in a goodly number. Her mother's salutation as she entered the house outraged her sense of justice, for she had no intention of being slow. She made no reply, however, but picked up the empty basket and trudged out for the desired wood. Her heart was heavy; she wondered why it was she must always be scolded when she really and truly tried to do right.

After filling the basket, she returned again to the kitchen, and looking timidly up, inquired what she should do next. Etta naver dared to spend many idle moments. Mrs. Roxby was one of those women who persistently kept busy, and seemed to feel unhappy unless every one was doing something.

Their home was a farm on one of the bleak New Hampshire hills. Instead of allowing herself moments for reflective thought, she went through her daily routine with no incentive but work. Her husband coming in from the field tired and weary, never felt privileged to converse with her for fear of interrupting her in her work. His was a social nature. He had thought when he married Maggie Grant that they would have a cosy home where they could enjoy each other's society. They had been married a number of years, and their Etta was a sweet child, but somehow they never seemed to have a happy home. Tired of this manner of living, Mr. Roxby had at last settled into a dogged frame of mind.

As if in answer to Etta's question, there was a loud knock at the door. 'Goodness gracious, there's company,' exclaimed her mother. 'Go this minute and see who it is, Etta.' Upon opening the door, Etta was

greeted with the smiling face of Miss Grace Winters. Her girlish heart responded to the hearty, 'How do you do, dear,' as she timidly asked her visitor in.

Miss Winters possessed one of those sunny, genial dispositions that warmed every latent impulse into life. She had been for some time a silent observer of conditions at Bleak Hill.

As Mrs. Roxby greeted her she said: 'I have called to ask the favor of taking Etta home with me on a visit.' Mrs. Roxby gave her consent, and the child accompanied Miss Winters with delight.

For several days Mrs. Roxby busied herself with her various duties. Having no one to find fault with, she began to feel lonely. Somehow her husband was not very sociable, and she began to ponder the reason. He never interfered with her plans, so she had no cause for complaint. What had caused this strange indifference on his part?

Chancing to pick up a book of quotations she idly scanned its pages, and read these words: 'As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.' Did this mean that because she had grown careless and indifferent that her husband's conduct was only a correspondence to hers? As if to emphasize her faults, she read, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

In that hour of thoughtfulness she stood revealed to herself. There was a perceptible change in her manner toward her husband after this, until the bond of love was once more established, and the law of kindness instead of command ruled the remainder of Etta's girlhood.

Selected Recipes

Creamed Onions.—One way of preparing the ever healthful onion is this: Boil the onions until tender in salted water. Place in a baking dish and cover with a white sauce made according to the usual rule of one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour and one-half pint milk. Set in the oven and bake until the top is a light grown.

Green Corn Pudding.—Take a dozen ears of young sweet corn; score the grains and dress out the pulp; add six level teaspoonfuls of flour and mix free from lumps, then add one quart of sweet milk, one ounce of butter, four eggs, well beaten, and pepper and salt to taste. Butter a baking dish and pour in the mixture and bake in moderately hot oven until the pudding is set.

Potato Pone.—Peel four large sweet potatoes, grate them and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, one pint of molasses and one pound of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered orange peel, one quarter of a pound of citron cut in small pieces, and one quart of cold water. Pour into biscuit pans and bake. When nearly cold cut in square pieces and serve.

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MAGIC STEREOSCOPE FREE

BOYS and GIRLS! Here is something new. Nothing less than a Magic Lantern that works without a light. All you have to do to see the views is to look through the lens, when a beautiful scene will spread out before you, revealing all the delicate effects of color found in real living scenery. With each Stereoscope we send an assortment of views on glass, which will afford you and your friends endless amusement. We give this splendid Stereoscope free for selling only 6 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds**, at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT 400 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE KNIFE

We give this beautiful **Pearl-Handled, Four-Bladed** Knife of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, for selling only 6 packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each Package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Raymond Pelly, Holland, Man., says: "My Knife is just beautiful, and is a most excellent Premium for the little work I did." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.**

TALKING DOLL FREE

Girls! Would you like to own the most wonderful doll ever invented, a doll as sweet and pretty as a picture, that can talk and cry as naturally as any living baby? If you would like to own this life-like wonder you can get her without spending one cent. We will present you with one absolutely free if you will sell for us at **10c.** each only 15 large, beautiful packages of delicious perfume in 6 odors, Lily of the Valley, Carnation, Lilac, Rose, Violet and Heliotrope. A single package if placed in a handerchief box or bureau drawer will impart a delicious fragrance to the entire contents. **Everybody buys it.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Dolly has golden curls, blue eyes, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, in fact, she is a perfect beauty, and talks, says "Papa" and "Mamma" as plainly as you can. She is the crowning wonder of the doll maker's art. With each we send a quantity of heavy beautiful silk, pretty ribbon and fine lace sufficient to make the hat and dress shown in the picture. Girls, you can get all this free. Send us a **post card** to-day and we will send the perfume postpaid. You can easily sell it all in a few minutes. Mary Hodgins, Highland Grove, Ont., said: "I sold all the Perfume in a few minutes. Everybody thinks it is lovely." **THE ROSE PERFUME CO., DEPT. 412 TORONTO.**

FREE PERCUSSION GUN

Given for selling only 10 packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds**, at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Luppiy, Rosewood, Man., said: "The Seeds went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, has bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer and highly polished wood stock, carefully sighted and tested. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrific force. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. We formerly gave this Gun for selling $1.50 worth; but as we have only a few left, we have put the price down to $1.00, in order to clear them out. Write at once if you want one. **Prize Seed Co., Dept. 411 Toronto, Ont.**

AN ELEGANT TOILET SET FREE

Finest English China of the latest and most beautiful design, handsomely decorated with flowers in lovely colors. We give the 6 pieces shown in the picture, all full size, making the most complete and desirable set that any lady could wish to have. To set off a spare room or make your own room beautiful and attractive nothing could be better than one of our handsome Toilet Sets. We will give you one absolutely free for selling only **20 Canadian Home Cook Books** at **15c** each. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every lady buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each book. Florence Ascott, Rupert, Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a few minutes. Everyone was pleased with them and thought them awfully cheap." Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $3.00, and we will immediately send you this elegant Toilet Set. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 403 TORONTO**

GIRLS EVERYTHING YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE FREE

I. A Lovely Big Doll, as pretty as a picture, stylishly dressed from top to toe in the richest material, with hat to match, underclothing, shoes, stockings, etc., that you can take off and put on as often as you like. II. A complete set of Doll's Furniture, bureau, washstand, bed, lounge, table, chairs and stove. III. Laundry Outfit—tub, washboard, iron and stand. IV. Table Service—cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon, lemonade jug, glass and tray. V. A Baby Doll in a cradle; also a frying pan. Enough furniture and things to start Dolly up in housekeeping. Girls, we give everything shown in this picture absolutely Free. A big dressed Doll, 8 pieces of furniture, and 15 other articles, all for selling only 1 **doz.** of our new Canadian Home Cook Books, at **15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. Jessie Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books. They went like wildfire." This is the grandest dressed Doll and the most complete outfit ever offered. Girls! you must not miss this chance. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 402 TORONTO. ONTARIO.**

WALKING DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to get this big handsome Walking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **post card** at once and we will mail you **10** beautiful 14K. gold finished Stick Pins to sell at **15c.** each. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. When sold, send us $1.50 and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Walking** Doll. Dollie is a perfect beauty, beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She delights and pleases every little girl. **Girls,** order the 10 Stick Pins at once, sell them to your friends, and receive this big **Walking** Doll for your trouble. A 50c. certificate free with each Pin. **Maxwell Co., Dept 420 Toronto**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds post-paid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **451** Toronto.

ANYONE CAN PLAY THE WONDERFUL AUTOHARP

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California Redwood, handsomely polished with 23 silver strings and 3 bars producing 3 chords, for selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Sell them return $1.50 and we will immediately forward your Autoharp with music rack, pick, full instructor and 16 selections. Write at once. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 407 TORONTO**

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A wonderful invention. An exact model of a real Electric Carriage. Runs itself for a long distance in either a straight line or circle, made entirely of metal, beautifully painted and ornamented. **Given** for selling only 6 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** A. N. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds post paid. **Dominion Seed Co., Dept 461 Toronto.**

FREE TALKING DOLL

Girls! Would you like to receive this big, handsome Talking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **post card** at once and we will mail you **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** each. When sold, remit us $1.50 and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Talking Doll.** Dolly is a perfect beauty, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, moving bisque head, and long natural curly hair. She talks and says "Ma Ma" and "Pa Pa," like a real live baby. **Girls,** order the 15 packages of seeds at once. Sell them to your friends and receive this big **Talking Doll** for your trouble. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Prize Seed Co., Dept **406** Toronto

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold, return 60c., and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 466 TORONTO.**

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only **1½** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**

Genuine Columbia Phonograph

Given for selling only 9 **doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Wm. McKell, Pugwash, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in 15 minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence;" "The Mocking Bird;" Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. M. Payne, Brinston's Corners, Ont., says: "I think my Graphophone is a splendid premium for so little work." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 415 Toronto, Ont.**

4 BOOKS FREE

"Every Boy his own Toy-maker," tells you how to make a Steam Engine Magic Lantern, Camera, also Kites, Balloons, Bows and Arows, Bird Traps, etc., etc. **"Parlor Magic,"** teaches you how to perform over **160** tricks. **"How to train Animals,"** written by an experienced animal trainer, tells you how to teach your dog to leap, dance, sneeze, stand on his head, etc., how to train squirrels, cats, monkeys and all kinds of animals. **"The Big Value Premium Budget,"** a wonderful book, contains stories, exciting adventures, songs, tricks, games, jokes, riddles, and many other interesting things too numerous to mention. These books are full of interesting pictures and neatly bound in attractive covers. **We give the whole 4** for selling only **10** glass Pens at **10c.** each. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO. DEPT 418 TORONTO, ONT.**

BOYS A FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Sparrows, etc. **Long range, terrific force.** Best make and latest model, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Shoots B. B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. **The best Air Gun made. Given** for selling only **1¼ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds,** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors, and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return $1.20, and we will immediately forward your Rifle. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept 405 Toronto, Ont**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

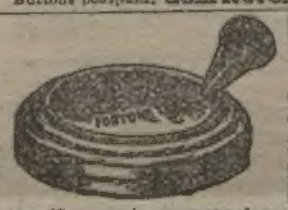
Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable colour. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

Free Rifle

Sure Death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels Rabbits, etc. **Long Range, Terrific force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling only **1½** doz. Glass Pens at **10c.** each. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Glass Pens postpaid. Sell them, return $1.50, and we will immediately forward your Rifle. Don't delay. Howard Oliver, Bagot, Man., says: "My Rifle is a dandy. It shoots swift, is well built and I am highly satisfied with it." Address **THE PEN CO.,** Toronto

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE.

Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and pistons, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with a brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons,** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. **Everybody buys.** Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold all the Buttons in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **Gem Novelty Co.,** Dept. 425, Toronto.



FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvellous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 452, Toronto.

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. S. Wilton, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received my Accordeon and am quite delighted with it. My friends were all surprised to see what a handsome Premium I got for so little trouble." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept. 419 TORONTO, Ont.**

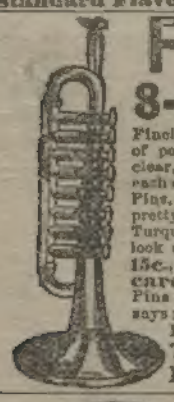
FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Houn, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, White wood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

FREE OPAL RING

made of Solid Gold alloy, handsomely designed and set with three large beautiful Opals that show all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow. A very handsome and stylish Ring, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **6** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with every package. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. This is a special offer made to clear out a stock of Rings. Write at once if you wish to take advantage of it. Cora Washington, Auburn, Ont., says: "I am perfectly delighted with my Opal Ring. It is a magnificent Premium for so little work." **The Standard Flavoring Co., Dept. 466 Toronto**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET



Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful, clear, sweet tone, given for selling at **15c.** each only **8** beautiful 14K. gold finished Stick Pins. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs, set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c., and at our price, only **15c., go like wildfire.** Write us a **post card** to day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. A. Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., says: "I was surprised to get such a grand Premium for so little work." Address **THE MAXWELL CO., Dept, 446, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE ASSOCIATION Football made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold the Buttons in 5 minutes. Everyone was pleased with them." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. Don't delay. **Gem Novelty Co.,** Dept. 424. Toronto.

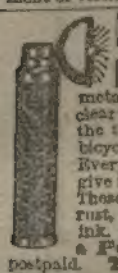
Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 462. Toronto.

STEREOSCOPE

Finely made, with nicely varnished frame, polished black hoods and clear powerful lenses through which the views appear like scenes in actual life. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Criger, Welland, Ont., says: "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** for Pens to-day. Sell them, return the money and we will send your stereoscope with a fine assortment of views. **The Pen Co. Dept. 461. Toronto.**

FREE ELECTRIC LIGHT.



Sunlight Acetylene Gas Lamp, made entirely of metal, with brightly burnished reflector. Gives a clear white brilliant light, equal to electricity. Just the thing for street parades, lawn parties, picnics, bicycling, etc. Can be carried on the cap or coat lapel. Everyone who goes out at night should have one. We give it free for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept. 457, Toronto**

FREE HORSELESS CARRIAGE

The newest thing out, runs by machinery concealed beneath the Carriage, made entirely of metal nicely finished in colors. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** P. MacGillivray, Goderich, Ont., says: "All the people wanted the Pens. Some bought two and three." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **The Pen Co., Dept. 460, Toronto.**

FREE Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at **15c.** each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $1.05, and we will forward **both** the **Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **12c.**, postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 61 Toronto.

1000 SETS OF DISHES FREE

LADIES We have just bought **1,000** Sets of Dishes from a large manufacturer in Europe, at a specially low price, and while they last, will give one set to everyone who will sell amongst their friends only **16** of our Canadian Home Cook Books at **15c.** each. These books were never sold before for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice Recipes. With every book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. **Every lady buys one.** Our agents say they never handled anything that sold so easily. Florence Arcott, Rapert Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a few minutes. Everybody was pleased with them and thought them awfully cheap." In our illustration we can do little more than show you the shape of this elegant set. It consists of 56 pieces, all full size for family use, and for all practical purposes equal to any $15.00 set ever sold. The design is new and the beautiful decorations in natural colors will not wash or wear off. It is beyond all doubt the prettiest set of Dishes we have ever advertised, and remember, dear lady, you have only to sell **16** of our fast selling Cook Books to get it. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail you the books postpaid. Any lady can easily sell them in an hour, and at this rate our 1,000 sets will not last very long, so **do not put off writing until it is too late.** Mrs. Magee, London, Ont. says: "I am delighted with my Dishes. I never expected such a magnificent Premium for the small amount of work I did for you." The Home Specialty Co., Dept. **421** Toronto

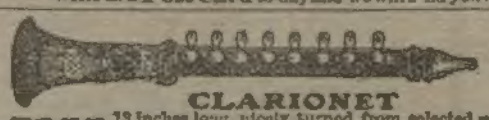
BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE

SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Species, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **414,** Toronto.

TOY CANNON FREE

To any bright boy who will sell only **6** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. The Cannon is made of iron, nicely bronzed, and has a spring for shooting buckshot, peas, etc. The ammunition wagon and the artillery horses are very natural, and the gun carriage can be fastened or unfastened from the ammunition wagon just like a real big Cannon. It is a beautiful toy, and the best value we have ever given for so little work. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the **Seeds** postpaid. **The Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **416** Toronto



CLARIONET

FREE 13 inches long, nicely turned from selected wood, beautifully finished, with 8 nickel keys. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **10** packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that everybody buys. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** and we will send the Powders. Sell them, return the money, and we will send this Sweet-toned Clarionet, with complete Instructor and a large collection of popular pieces. John Craighead, Campbellford, Ont., says: "I received your Clarionet and am highly pleased with it." **THE NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., DEPT. 422, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Boys don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Sheal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

MORRIS CHAIR EASILY EARNED

by selling at **15c.** each only **2½ Doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Mrs. Canning, Montague, N.S., says: "I had great success selling your Cook Books. Everyone was delighted with them." This handsome **Reclining** Chair is made of the finest Golden Oak, highly polished, upholstered in rich velours, with handsome patterns in light, dark or medium colors. The cushions are deeply tufted, all-wool filled, and the back can be adjusted to any position. This magnificent piece of furniture will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books, postpaid. **The Home Specialty Company, Dept. 450, Toronto.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.,** Dept. 447 Toronto.

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at **10c.** each only **9** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5—Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong well finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English Steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address **The Pen Co., Dept. 458, Toronto.**

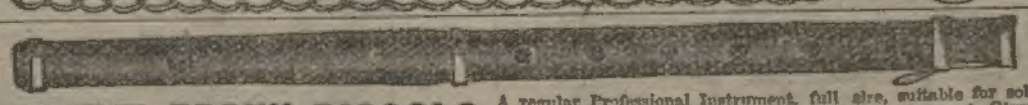
"Good-bye, Dolly Gray," "He Said When He Kissed Me At Parting," "Mr. Volunteer," "Sweet Annie Moore," "Mamie (Don't You Feel Ashamie)," "Just Because She Made Those Goo-Goo Eyes," and 17 others, also the popular Militia March and three choice Recitations. The Songs mentioned are all full sheet music size (10 x 14 inches), nicely printed on good paper with colored covers. Sold separately these songs would cost you 50c. each. Our price for the entire lot only **10c.** or 3 for 25c. **Johnston & Co.,** Music Dept **N. M.** Toronto.

EARN THIS
$50.00 SEAL COAT
Not One Cent to Pay

out of your own pocket. Ladies, we give you this stylish, warm and handsome Electric Seal coat made from full furred selected skins and lined with best Skinner's satin, for selling at 15c. each only 6 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books. These books have never before been sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, handsomely bound and each one contains 739 valuable and tried recipes for all kinds of plain and fancy dishes. **Every woman buys one.** With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Gertie Flaherty, Windsor Mills, Que., says:—"I sold all the Cook Books in less than two hours. Every person I called on took one and was pleased to get it." Doubtless you wonder how we can give you this costly fur coat for doing so little work, but having only a limited number of them left from our Christmas trade and being anxious to introduce our Cook Books into every home in Canada we have decided to make this unheard of bargain. You have no "Agents" to get, no "conditions" to comply with. All you have to do is to sell the 6 doz. Cook Books, which will take you only a short time, send us $7.20 received for them, and we will forward your coat at once. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. Don't put off writing until the coats are all gone. You will never get another chance like this. Home Specialty Co. Dept. 455, Toronto

FREE Watch and Chain and Rifle

Boys! Earn a handsome Silver Nickel **Watch**, elaborately engraved, with keyless wind imported works, a **Chain** and **Charm and an All-steel Long-distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model that shoots B.B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy, by selling at 15c. each only **20 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." With every book we give a 50c. certificate free. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return us $3.00 and we will forward at once the **Rifle, Watch and Watch Chain.** This is the biggest chance you ever had in your life. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Toronto.**



FREE EBONY PICCOLO

A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at 10c. each only 8 **Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Griger, Welland, Ont., says: "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Pens postpaid. M. McCurdy, Otterville, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 465 TORONTO.**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling at 15c. each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodlek, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

EARN 20 PREMIUMS
BY A FEW MINUTES' EASY WORK

Boys and Girls. How would you like to receive a great big package of gifts, containing dozens of different articles, without spending a cent of your money? We are giving away absolutely free a mammoth collection of goods which we have collected from all parts of the world, especially for boys and girls. It contains Rings, Pins, Chains, Whistles, Musical Instruments, Books, Pictures, Puzzles, Tricks, Games, Toys and Novelties of every kind and description. There is everything that a boy or girl could wish for. All you have to do in order to get these wonderful Premiums is to send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you 15 Glass Pens to sell at 10c. each. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** When you have sold the Pens return $1.50 and we will immediately forward **the whole 20 Premiums.** Write to-day and take advantage of this grand chance. **The Pen Co., Dept. 463 Toronto.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

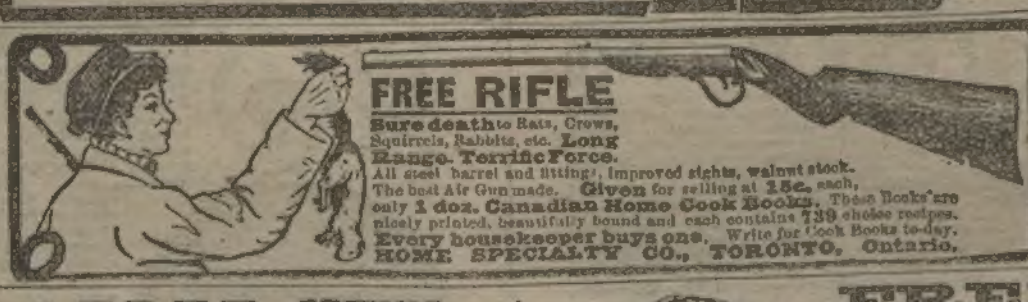
Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at 15c. each only 10 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Fitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well. Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. H. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 456, Toronto

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at 15c. each only **8 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. JESSIE BAXTER, SHERBROOKE, QUE., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. LIZZIE SPROUTE, NEWDALE, MAN., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 449, Toronto.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at 10c. each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both the Lantern and Engine.** **THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**



FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at 15c. each, only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write for Cook Books to-day. **HOME SPECIALTY CO., TORONTO, Ontario.**

FREE GOLD Watch

Handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case,** richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold Designs, stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported jeweled movement. The richest looking Hunting Case Watch ever manufactured, given for selling at 10c. each only **2½ doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond, **Non-Alcoholic,** Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold all the flavoring powders in half-an-hour. It is just play to sell it." Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the powders postpaid. You have no "agents" to get, no "conditions" to comply with. Don't delay but write at once. L. Keeler, Welcome, Ont., says: "I received the Gold Watch and am more than pleased and satisfied with it. It far exceeds my expectations." **THE STANDARD FLAVORING CO., DEPT., 448, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE SEWING MACHINE

given for selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading Hotels, Caterers and Restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** Edith McCallum, Port Arthur, Ont., said: "I sold a package at every place I called." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This is a real Sewing Machine, well made of finely tempered steel with patent feed motion, stitch regulator and self-setting needle. Just the thing for any kind of light work. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co., Dept. 467, Toronto, Ont.

FREE FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 6 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $15.00. We give it free for selling at 25c. each, only **1 dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume,** the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 426, Toronto.**

FREE.

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only 9 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return 90c, and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 458 Toronto.**

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

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